

# OLD MONTREAL



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## WITH PEN & PENCIL

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# OLD MONTREAL

## WITH PEN AND PENCIL

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The Towers

Here is a portion of the "Fort de la Montagne" of the  
Gentlemen of Saint Sulpice.



# OLD MONTREAL



ONCE upon a time . . .”

So began the tales that the children of old days heard from the lips of grandmother while the firelight flickered on the shadowy walls—the tales of good fairies, of wicked giants, of invincible warriors, of princesses fairer than the sun. So may well begin the tale of the long line of explorers, of soldiers, of colonisers, of rulers, of legend-makers and of

legend-tellers which is the history of Montreal. For in those amazing annals the supernatural and the historically ascertainable rub shoulders so continually that it is hard to separate them one from the other; and a chapter of early Canadian history has often all the mystic grandeur of a national mythology.

“Once upon a time,” then, there lay spread out beneath the North American sky a vast and lovely country covered with enormous forests, furrowed with majestic streams of crystal purity, and inhabited by a race of mighty warriors who lived in a perpetual state of conflict with their neighbors. And on an evening in May, in the year 1642, four little vessels cast anchor near the bank of the greatest of the rivers, at a point where a little river ran into it and offered a favorable site for the settlement of a colony. The destiny of Montreal was settled by that anchorage; for the men and women in that little fleet were Paul de Chomedy, Sieur de Maisonneuve, with a commission for the establishment of an advance post far in the solitudes of the New World, Father Vimont, a Jesuit missionary, Jeanne Mance, a young woman of good family who had given up the pleasures of wealth and rank to devote herself to the care of the sick, Madame de la Peltrie, for many years addicted to works of charity, M. du Puisseau, a man of fortune who wished to use his wealth for the foundation of a new settlement, and fifty-three settlers who came to lay the foundations of the little village later to become the commercial metropolis of Canada. Their names are preserved in bronze on a monument erected to their memory in Youville Square by the Historical Society of Montreal.

They promptly proceed to the erection of the fort of Montreal—not at all according to the principles which were to be worked out a few years later by Vauban, the father of modern fortification, but in the simplest form of an irregular enclosure or palisade of wooden posts sharpened at the top, and sufficient for the time being to protect the houses, shops, chapel, hospital and arsenal of the village against the attacks of the Indians. Scarcely is the fortification finished when an unforeseen danger threatens to ruin the whole enterprise. It is Christmas night; the water of the river begins to rise; it rises faster and faster; it reaches the gate of the fort, and the occupants, cut off on a tiny island of dry land, seem doomed to perish. Maisonneuve, in a state of religious exaltation, makes a solemn vow that he will carry a great cross on his shoulders to the top of the neighboring mountain, and there set

Three

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it up as a memorial, if Almighty God will spare his infant colony. His prayer is heard, the floods abate, and on January the sixth, 1643, the founder of the city performs his vow and plants the cross upon the shoulder of Mount Royal. And today, when night throws her shadows over the busy streets of the modern metropolis, an illuminated cross upon the summit of the same mountain seems to hang in the air like the Flaming Cross which converted the Emperor Constantine to Christianity, and is the means whereby the St. Jean Baptiste Society seeks to recall the pious act of Maisonneuve to the minds and hearts of this generation.

Fresh dangers follow. One day, Maisonneuve in a sortie slays an Indian chief, on the spot which to this day bears the name of Place d'Armes—the place of conflict. Another day, Jean de St. Père is beheaded by bloodthirsty redskins who want to adorn their wigwam with the trophy; but behold, in the middle of the night the head begins to speak to them in their own language, upbraiding them for their ferocity and predicting their extermination, until in a frenzy of panic they hurl it into the river. The harvesters go to their work with sickle in hand and gun slung over shoulder, for at any moment the frightful face of an Iroquois may peer out from the neighboring forest. However, Lambert Closse is a notable lookout, and his dog Pilote is trained to Indian-hunting and brings up her young ones in the ways of the warpath. Such is one aspect of the life of the inhabitants of the primitive Ville-Marie which the sculptor Hébert has represented at the corners of the Maisonneuve monument in Place d'Armes.

But a single act of heroic sacrifice was to make such an impression on the minds of the savage tribes that they retained a deep respect for the pale-faces for many years after. In April, 1660, scouts brought word that a party of eight hundred Iroquois warriors was approaching down the Ottawa River to make an end of the little settlement which had repulsed them so long. Dollard des Ormeaux and sixteen companions determined to stop their advance, and swore on the altar that they would perish to the last man rather than allow the enemy to pass. Behind a palisade at the foot of the Long Sault Rapids, at the place now called Carillon, this handful of heroes held up their besiegers for ten days, and perished to a man for the safety of their little town. The Indians, deeply impressed by their courage and ashamed of having been held in check by so small a party of pale-faces, turned back home, and the colony was left to several years of quietude.

The business man who hurries in pursuit of wealth past the lofty columns of the Bank of Montreal, or through the marble doorways of the stockbrokers, might well pause now and again to reflect that it is scarcely two centuries ago that it was unsafe to venture along St. James Street farther west than McGill Street. Do we realise the sacrifices that were necessary for the establishment of the peace and security that we enjoy today?

The Battle of the Plains of Abraham placed Quebec beneath the British flag. Sheltered behind the walls of Montreal, Governor Vaudreuil, Bishop





*Christie Simpson*

### The Old Seminary

At Place d'Armes, this residence of the Gentlemen of Saint Sulpice, seigneurs of the Island of Montreal and the first to care for the souls of the City of Mary, was built in 1685 with rocks from the meadows.

Five

Pontbriand, Intendant Bigot and General Lévis with the remains of the French army awaited the approach of Generals Amherst and Murray, who were coming up Lake Champlain with a formidable force. All hope of aid from outside had now vanished, and the Governor hoisted the white flag on the last French post now left in Canada. Legend has it that the brave Lévis, withdrawing with his troops to St. Helen's Island, determined not to undergo the indignity of delivering up to the victors the flags which had been borne by the French troops in the glorious battle of Ste. Foye, a few months earlier, and burned them in the dead of night that their ashes might rest for ever in the soil of what had been called "New France."

## CRADLE OF HISTORY

It was not to be long before the allegiance of Canada to its new British rulers was put to the test. Scarcely fifteen years later the Colonies to the south proclaimed their independence under the name of the United States of America, and naturally sought to induce the Canadians to join them in their revolt. The astute Benjamin Franklin, with two commissioners named Chase and Carroll and a numerous escort, set up his headquarters in Montreal and flooded the countryside with proclamations urging the "habitants" to unite with the Americans. His labor was lost; for the French-Canadians had learned from the best blood of Old France the lesson of respect for legitimate authority, and they remained faithful to their allegiance. Montgomery was killed beneath the walls of Quebec, and Generals Arnold and Wooster withdrew with the whole army of the invaders.

It is from this era that we may date the rise of Canada to its present national greatness. Its parliamentary institutions, its press, its literature, its business, henceforth exhibit an almost constant progress, and contribute steadily to the development of the intellectual and material resources of the country. Its population rises from 60,000 at the time of the cession to near ten millions, and, in the words of one of its greatest statesmen, if the nineteenth century was the century of the United States, the twentieth century is Canada's century. Montreal becomes one of the leading ocean ports of the world. The vast granary of the Canadian West pours its stream of golden wealth into the city's towering elevators, and the ocean vessels glide down the St. Lawrence past a thousand miles of green meadows and sunny fields and silver-spined villages, to distribute it to the four corners of the earth.

Among these up-to-date skyscrapers and this busy twentieth-century hum of commerce, what is there left of the little settlement of the olden days? On the material side, little, save a few old buildings religiously guarded from the pick and shovel of the wrecking gang. On the spiritual side, much; a whole race of people who have maintained the tradition of their lofty origins, preserved their language, their faith, their institutions, the religious observances of their ancestors; a "New France" still, yet deeply loyal to their British sovereign; a link in that chain which makes up the British Empire, a



*after a sketch by*

## Chateau de Ramezay

Messire Claude de Ramezay built the chateau in 1705. Now an interesting museum, this was for many years the residence of the French Governors.



link of different metal from the rest but not less precious. Such is the French Montreal of today. Let us examine it more closely.

Come first of all to the south side of the Place d'Armes and let your eyes rest for a moment on this ancient building, erected in 1685 with unwrought stones from the fields, surmounted by an old clock whose exposed bells only ceased to sound the hours about a quarter of a century ago, and sheltered by a tall wall from the rush and clamor of the street. It is the residence of the Gentlemen of St. Sulpice, seigneurs of the Island of Montreal, first clergy of Ville Marie—who likewise built far up on the mountain-side the "Fort des Messieurs" or Gentlemen's Fort which they used at the same time as their own country residence and as safe asylum for their newly converted Indian flock.

### OF THE CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY

And now, having saluted the lords of the Island, let us pay our respects to the Governor of the City, Messire Claude de Ramezay, who built in 1705 the Chateau de Ramezay on the south side of Notre Dame Street opposite the City Hall. To get to it, we have to struggle through a crowd of farmers and housewives discussing the price of the materials for many a rich soup and savory stew; for the Bonsecours Market, whose dome may be seen at the bottom of St. Claude Street, overflows its proper limits and invades with its growing clientele half-a-dozen of the neighboring streets. The Chateau is a simple yet very strong edifice. Its stone foundations form a double longitudinal vault which would easily carry the weight of ten storeys of modern house construction, and the stone floors resting on its wooden beams placed it in the fireproof class when few houses could be so designated. Its immense chimneys and chimney-pieces and its large but small-paned windows give it a truly ancient and romantic aspect, but it should be noted that the towers are of modern construction and in an entirely different style, though not harmonising too ill with the rest of the building.

Let us enter the Chateau; the Governors moved out long ago, in 1849, at the time when mob violence burnt the Parliament Buildings with their magnificent library and deprived Montreal forever of the seat of government. After their departure the Chateau housed in succession the Normal School, the Law Courts and the University of Laval, (now called the University of Montreal), and today it is occupied by the Antiquarian and Numismatic Society of Montreal, which has made of it a museum for the accommodation of everything relating to the past of the colony.

The walls of the great Hall of Honor which we enter are covered with portraits of the celebrated personages of Canadian history, who look down at us with severity or kindness from the midst of their gilded frames. Their powdered wigs, their armor, their uniforms and their decorations inspire an invincible respect, and we find ourselves reciting in low tones the names and the achievements of the heroes who attract our attention. Governors, bishops, intendants and generals are there side by side with explorers,

missionaries, statesmen, writers, founders of cities or of institutions. In the adjoining rooms are relics of these same distant days—armor, furniture, vestments, jewels, with parchment documents to proclaim their authenticity. In the cellar, in those vast kitchens which seem to have been made for Panta-gruelian festivities, are the spinning-wheels, kneading-troughs, churns, hand-looms of the old housekeepers, while the walls are covered with rows of pewter plates and vessels whose gay brightness and careful arrangement suggest that the housekeeping was well and trimly done.

This is the end of our official visits to the dignitaries of the past, and we are now free to wend our way to various scenes where little is left of the past but a name or a street-line, but where imagination can nevertheless conjure up much of the picturesqueness of the old days. First let us repair to Youville Square. The ancestors of the Montrealers of today used to cross this square by rowboat, for the St. Pierre River flowed this way; but it now runs underground in the sewers. This is the very cradle of the infant city. Here is the site of the fort constructed by Maisonneuve; but it is now occupied by a triangular building belonging to the Dominion Government. On the right, where the dismal row of warehouses now stands, was the Hospital of the Grey Nuns; on the left, where the excise office is, was the original Market Place. What changes in two short centuries! Here was the official centre of the city. Here came the traders to exchange the produce of the soil for the merchandise of the shop-counter. Here the news of the day went round. Here were read the proclamations of the Governor, the ordinances of the Intendant. Here came the convicted criminal, sentenced to the pillory or the torture of the "wooden horse," to be exposed to the heartless mockeries of the crowd. Here came the populace to await the arrival of the ocean ships, for the river afforded a good mooring ground; here assembled the men of substance who founded the city's commerce, and here flocked also their wives and daughters, in gowns of watered silk spread out over great crinolines, with priceless Cashmere shawls over their shoulders. . . . And today almost the only pedestrian who disturbs the slumbers of the half-dead trees which overhang the scanty grass-plots is an unlucky mariner in search of the Sailors' Home to relieve his hunger.

## HERE MONTREAL WAS FOUNDED

St. Paul Street owes its name to the founder of the city, Paul de Chomedu de Maisonneuve, whose mansion was still to be seen in 1852 on the north side. A little farther on, the Hotel Dieu, the hospital founded by Jeanne Mance in 1644, raised its modest front at the corner of St. Sulpice Street. We walk northward on this latter thoroughfare, once the scene of the youthful frolics of Iberville and Bienville and Jeanne Le Ber, whose parents lived here; and passing the side wall of Notre Dame Church we find ourselves in Place d'Armes, saluting the statue of the city's founder with his flag outstretched to take possession of the soil. Mighty changes here also! Virgin forest in the time of Maisonneuve; site of the old parish church of 1672



whose portico was in line with Notre Dame Street, and of the great Gadoys well where everybody came for water; then a public park with fine trees and lawns surrounded by a high wrought-iron fence; today an asphalt-paved square for street car passengers to transfer from one car to another!

The Dillon tavern, which occupied a corner on the west side of the square, was famous as the scene of the Lucullan banquets of the Beaver Club, a social organization consisting of the richest men of the fur-trade, but limited to those who had proved their endurance and courage by a canoe trip to the hunting grounds of the Indians. The members were as courageous in drinking as in travelling, if we may judge by the wine bill for a dinner of 36 covers, held on December 24, 1808; 40 bottles of Madeira, 12 bottles of port, 14 bottles of porter, 8 pints of beer, and 6 pints of cider, in addition to which the innkeeper, finding that some of the guests were still unsatisfied, served 8 nightcaps of brandy and wine with honey, and conscientiously added to the bill an item of 8 shillings and 9 pence for "broken glasses." It should be noted that the date was the eve of Christmas.

The Corinthian portico which raises its fluted columns and its pediment with emblems of commerce and finance on the north side of the square is the Bank of Montreal, one of the most powerful financial institutions in the world. Its copper coins, showing the facade of its old building on the corner of St. James and St. Francois Xavier Streets, are hotly contended for by collectors, along with its one-dollar bills, no longer in circulation but not the less valuable for that. Its shares carry an immense premium above their par value, as do also those of its fellow institution, the Royal Bank of Canada, whose twenty-two storey building pierces the skyline a few blocks away.

But here on the other side of the square comes forth from the great Notre Dame Church a religious procession, in all the pomp of gorgeous vestments, smoking censers and banners flapping in the wind, and singing a hymn in honor of the eternal sacrifice of the Mass. It goes on its way through the streets of the city to bless the abodes of the inhabitants, precisely as has been done for two centuries and more. The square towers of the church behind it, built in 1829 to replace the old church of 1672, are the same height as those of Notre Dame of Paris; for many years they were a landmark for all the region hereabouts, but today they are swallowed up among the grain elevators and skyscrapers of the modern city. Inside, the huge nave with its galleries will hold ten thousand people to hear the Lenten sermons of the greatest preachers of France. We pause to admire the star-sprinkled vaulting of the chancel, the gothic stalls and the symbolic decoration of the altar, and then pass on into the charming Chapel of the Sacred Heart. In the vaults are stored many sacred vessels of gold and precious stones, the gifts of kings of France, along with altar ornaments and chasubles embroidered with exquisite skill by Jeanne Le Ber in her twenty years of voluntary seclusion behind the Chapel of Notre Dame de Pitie. But these treasures are not exhibited to visitors, and we must content ourselves therefore with climbing one of the towers to enjoy the view of the city and take a look at the "Gros



*Ch. J. L. L. L.*

## The Church of Notre Dame

Smoke of censers, banners waving in the wind. The religious procession leaves Notre Dame to bless the homes of the Faithful.

Eleven

Bourdon," the largest bell on the continent, weighing 24,780 pounds, and named from the deep "bourdon" or humming vibration which it sends out to a distance of twenty miles.

Proceeding east along Notre Dame Street, we pass the site of the house of Duluth, at the corner of St. Sulpice Street — Duluth the explorer, whose name is borne by a city in Minnesota and by a tall office building in Montreal. Farther on is that of Cadillac de la Mothe, founder of Detroit, who lived at the corner of St. Lawrence Street, while another explorer, de la Salle, had his home at the corner of St. Peter and St. Paul Streets. All the buildings of their time have disappeared long ago, and naught remains but the tablets attached to the walls of the modern buildings by the pious hands of the Antiquarian Society. The same is true of the first Anglican Cathedral, which extended from Notre Dame Street to St. James Street, and was succeeded many years ago by the present gothic building on St. Catherine Street, of the Convent of the Nuns of the Congregation at the corner of St. Jean Baptiste and St. Paul Streets, now standing far away at the corner of Sherbrooke and Atwater Streets; of the Church of Our Lady of Pity which stood within the confines of the nunnery and was reached by a covered passage-way from Notre Dame Street; of the little Chapel of Our Lady of Victory built in the same grounds as a thank-offering for the preservation of the colony from the destruction threatened by the fleet of Admiral Walker in 1711. All have disappeared before the rising flood of commerce and finance.

## WHERE JUSTICE SITS

"Frustra legis auxilium quaerit qui in legem committit" is the imposing inscription which adorns the portico of the new Palais de Justice or Court House, an inscription which may be roughly rendered in the words of the scriptural admonition: "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." The building is a fine example of modern classic architecture. The old Court House, which stands on the site occupied during the French regime by the Jesuits' Chapel and Monastery, is just across the street, and the two buildings are joined by a subterranean passage. From the commemorative tablets set up by the Historical Monuments Commission and the Antiquarian Society we learn that it was here that the Jesuit Father Charlevoix wrote his history of New France, published in 1744. To the east the City Hall, restored in 1925 after a fire, stands on the site of the Jesuits' garden, and behind both of these buildings extends the Champ de Mars or field of military exercises, once devoted to the drilling of troops, now given up to the parking of automobiles.

We are now at Jacques Cartier Square, the chief feature of which is the Nelson Monument, modelled after that of Trafalgar Square in London. On Tuesday and Friday this square presents a scene of great animation, for it absorbs most of the overflow from the Bonsecours Market, and offers an





*at  
Charles Bonsecours*

## Bonsecours Market

Maple Sugar. Home Spun. Small Pigs. Onions. The  
Habitant.

exceptional opportunity for the study of the different types of the Province of Quebec "habitant," with his lively wit, his drawling Norman accent, and his magnificent vocabulary of figures of speech drawn from the life of farm and stable. But the place in which he now assembles for the sale of his tobacco, his vegetables, his poultry and his household manufactures, such as chairs and rugs, is very different in aspect from what it was two hundred years ago. In the middle of the Square stood then the mansion or chateau of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, Governor of the colony, whose garden extended towards Notre Dame Street, and whose front driveway led out to the river by means of a special gate in the city-wall. At the east end of the present market, at the corner of St. Victor Street, stood the palace of the Intendant, scene of many a gorgeous festival when administrative business brought that functionary to Montreal. The luxurious journeys of Intendant Bigot and his suite when they travelled by road between Montreal and Quebec, with relays provided by all the leading seigneurs along the route, have been fully described for us in the chronicles of the time.

While Bonsecours is now a market, it takes its name from a chapel, the old chapel built by Marguerite Bourgeoys in 1657, which now seems dwarfed by the mercantile monsters by which it is surrounded. The chapel is that of Mary, Star of the Sea, who greets the sailor on his arrival in harbor. It is the sanctuary to which he repairs to thank his protectress for the "good succor" which she has afforded him from the perils of the deep, and to hang from the ceiling the offerings—the "ex-voto"—which he vowed in the hour of danger. Since the pretentious restoration which destroyed the simple beauty of this chapel in 1885, it retains little of interest except these pleasing tokens of popular faith and the great statue of Mary, blessing the ships as they set forth and welcoming them on their return. Infinitely more picturesque was the plain chapel of olden days with the little shops backed up against its wall on the St. Victor Street side, its open bell-tower and its seventeenth century spire.

## PLACE VIGER

We have now spent a long time and covered a great deal of ground in our resuscitation of the history of more than two centuries, and we are likely to feel the need of refreshment. The Place Viger Hotel is close at hand; it is the chateau-like building with pointed turrets which serves both as a hostelry and as a terminus for certain of the trains of the Canadian Pacific Railway whose steel highway crosses the continent from shore to shore, and whose vessels plow the waters of the oceans on either side of it. Seated on the glass-enclosed balcony which faces Viger Square we may pass a restful hour sipping an ice or other refreshment and listening to the soothing strains of an excellent orchestra. Outside all is peace. The ancient trees of the square are full of singing birds, the fountain in the centre emits a pleasant tinkle, the housekeepers coming from market set down for a moment their laden baskets and take their ease, the "flâneurs"—the word is much less harsh than





*Herbert D. Sampson*

### *Hotel Place Viger*

*In the centre of French Montreal, one of the oldest of Canadian Pacific hostelrys. Its pointed turrets look out on Viger Square.*

"loafers"—smoke their pipes on the park benches, and the young couples pass by arm in arm and tell one another the old story which we cannot hear but which we know perfectly well without hearing it. The quiet of noon is over everything.

## COSMOPOLITAN MONTREAL

But we must not spend too much time upon the purely historical portion of Montreal, fascinating as it is. There is much to see in the modern city, which extends over an area of fifty square miles. and spreads its million population from the St. Lawrence to the Back River or Rivière des Prairies. To cover such an area at all adequately we must traverse much of it by automobile, reserving a horse-drawn victoria for the ascent of Mount Royal, whose sylvan slopes have wisely been forbidden up to now to the gasoline speeder.

The territory of the city is pretty sharply divided between the two chief racial elements, the descendants of the original French settlers being chiefly found in the east and to the north of Mount Royal, while the English-speaking population occupies the west, the establishments of commerce and industry being largely concentrated in the south. Between east and west is a sort of neutral zone tenanted by a cosmopolitan population of many different races, numbering some hundred thousand. The tourist setting out from a hotel in the Peel Street district to go shopping on St. Catherine Street finds himself at first in a sort of Bond Street or Fifth Avenue territory. As he goes farther east, he enters an area where if he choose he may haggle over prices in Yiddish, English, French or half-a-dozen other languages (for the shops of the cosmopolitan centre are as polyglot as he could desire), and steal a march on the regular tradespeople by buying all sorts of trash at bankrupt sales "below cost prices." Still farther on he will come to the big French stores, of the "Bon Marche" and "Galeries Lafayette" type, and may use the argot of the boulevards if he so desire. But the day is fine, and shopping is for bad weather; let us on our way.

Leaving the oasis of Viger Square, let us go up St. Denis or St. Hubert Street in order to take a look at the various buildings of the University of Montreal, the French-speaking institution of higher education. Upon these two streets are now scattered various departments of the university, awaiting the time when they shall be properly assembled in the imposing group of buildings now rising to the northwest of Mount Royal. They are the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, Commerciales or School of Commerce, the faculties of Law, Medicine, Pharmacy and Dental Surgery, and the Polytechnic School. This university, which is Catholic in religion, contains twelve faculties and schools, with 3,000 students, and ten seminaries or classical colleges with 4,000 students, all in the Montreal district. There is another French Catholic university in the Province, that of Laval at Quebec, founded by Monseigneur de Laval in 1663.

Passing on our right the immense St. James Church, whose delicate spire rises to 300 feet and is topped with a Latin cross surmounted by the Gallic cock, we come to the St. Sulpice Library on our left, a noble building with a magnificent collection of books placed at the disposal of the public by the Gentlemen of St. Sulpice already referred to. This library shares with that of Laval University the honor of having the largest collection of works relating to early Canada, while the Civic Library of Montreal, on Sherbrooke Street east, possesses in the Gagnon Collection one of the most important accumulations of early Canadian printed works. Visitors are cordially welcomed if they are animated by a serious interest in the history or literature of Canada.

A gentle slope soon brings us up to Sherbrooke Street, which runs from east to west of the city along the crest of a ridge and forms its longest thoroughfare. Should we turn to the east we should shortly reach the cool shady spaces of Lafontaine Park, with the Civic Library, the Jacques Cartier Normal School and the Notre Dame Hospital, and eventually we should find ourselves among the villas of the riverside settlements of Longue Pointe, Pointe aux Trembles and Bout de l'Isle. But for the moment let us turn west to inspect some of the more famous of the educational and charitable institutions of this generous city: St. Louis de Gonzague Academy, Mount St. Louis College, the Institute of the Good Shepherd, the Technical High School and the Montreal Technical School.

### MCGILL UNIVERSITY

Crossing Park Avenue and continuing yet farther westward we come in due time to the graceful semi-circular colonnade of the Roddick Gates of McGill University. This great English-speaking institution of higher education, with nearly three thousand students and several affiliated theological colleges, grants degrees in Arts, Commerce, Science, Medicine, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Law, Agriculture and Music, and diplomas in several other courses, and has been richly provided with buildings, land, equipment and endowment by the generosity of wealthy Montrealers. It was chartered in 1821, with an estate and endowment bequeathed by the Hon. James McGill, a prominent merchant who died in 1813; but it did not begin to impart instruction until 1829, and it was not until after 1852, when a new and more suitable charter was obtained, that it really began to flourish. Most of the large group of buildings amid the green lawns and splendid elm trees of the old campus are comparatively modern, but part of the front of the centre building at the head of the driveway, now known as the Arts Building, dates from 1843; between that year and 1853, when the noble portico which still adorns it was added, this building became practically uninhabitable because of lack of funds for its proper completion and because of the blasting for the city reservoir immediately behind it. But a period of prosperity in the city, the rise in the value of the real estate left by the founder, and the more businesslike administration under Sir William Dawson (appointed Principal in



1855) combined to set the university going in the proper path, and during the almost forty-year regime of that eminent educationist and scientist there were added the William Molson Hall (the west wing of the Arts Building) in 1862, the Observatory in 1863, the first Medical Building in 1872, the Redpath Museum (immediately west of the Arts Building) in 1882, and the Redpath Library in 1893.

A recent addition to the university which cannot fail to interest the curious visitor is the McCord Museum, located in a fine old stone residence at the west end of the Sherbrooke Street front. In this is displayed a large collection of prints relating to the early life of the first British settlers, together with many Indian implements and weapons, and a notable mass of documents and drawings concerning Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec. Near the Museum a stone marks the reputed site of the fortified Iroquois village of Hochelaga which was visited by Jacques Cartier in 1535. Cartier described it as encircled by a triple row of palisades, with galleries for the defenders, and containing some fifty large oblong lodges, each of which housed several families. When Champlain arrived in 1603, nothing remained of this village, and Indians of a different stock occupied the island. The location of the village has been pretty certainly identified by the remains of mounds suggestive of primitive fortification.

McGill University may be said to mark the beginning of the residential portion of the English-speaking city, where the Ritz-Carlton Hotel and a group of tall and costly apartment houses rather overshadow the luxurious mansions built by the wealthy Montrealers of some twenty-five to forty years ago. Here is the residence of the late Sir William Van Horne, with its art treasures worth more than two million dollars, here the aristocratic Mount Royal Club, here the great apartment houses, the Chateau, the Acadia, the Linton, here too the Art Gallery with its imposing classic facade of enormous monolith pillars. And then, crossing Guy Street, shortly after which the private houses come to an end, we reach the grounds of the Collège de Montreal, where the eye is instantly caught by the pointed roofs of the two round towers which are all that is left of the Mountain Fort or Fort of the Gentlemen of St. Sulpice to which reference has been made above. The fort was built in 1670; and these towers seem to stand like sentinels against the rising flood of modern progress, faithful guardians of the memory of the founders of the city, of their struggles and of their achievements.

To continue on in this direction would be to penetrate into the modern residential sections of Westmount (an independent municipality) and of Notre Dame de Grace (a portion of the municipality of Montreal). But pressure of time will probably bring us back to Dominion Square, the beginning and the end of all such excursions, since it is the centre of the hotel district, and is surrounded by hotels and restaurants where we may rest our limbs in comfortable rooms and gratify our palates with excellent food. In the centre of its northern half is the superb monument designed by the sculptor Hill in honor of the Strathcona Horse, the famous cavalrymen



*Charles Simpson*

## McGill University

Co-educational. McGill comprises ten faculties and schools. It has imparted knowledge since 1829.

Nineteen



of the South African War; in the south half are a monument to Sir John Macdonald, many years Prime Minister of Canada, and the cenotaph erected in memory of the soldiers who died in the Great War. To the east is the cathedral church of the Roman Catholic diocese of Montreal, a reduced reproduction of St. Peter's in Rome, with a monument to Bishop Bourget. To the east also, but farther north, is the imposing head office of the Sun Life Assurance Company. On the west is Windsor Street Station, the headquarters of the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose architecture with its combination of towering massiveness and well-proportioned grace seems symbolic of the gigantic size and amazing efficiency of that organization—the greatest of its kind in the world. At the foot of Windsor Street the terminus of the Canadian National seems to be waiting in modest resignation for its transfer to a structure more worthy of the dignity of a railway belonging to the National Government.

### SPIRES IN THE GREEN

At Dominion Square we abandon our automobile, and since we have still an hour of daylight we hail one of the few surviving victorias which are grouped on the cab-stand, for horse-drawn vehicles alone are permitted on the Mountain. The Jehu is slumbering on his seat, for since the arrival of the accursed taxicabs he is in little demand except for these mountain trips; and he, his horse and his vehicle alike have that indefinable air of something that is doomed and cannot survive. Once awakened, however, he is quite likely to turn out to be a very entertaining example of the old-fashioned "habitant," with fertile imagination and picturesque vocabulary and a gift for imparting the weirdest and most improbable of the legends which were current in the days of his far-off youth.

"Believe me, Monsieur, this city has grown a bit since the days when I used to drive my father's cows to pasture where the Ritz-Carlton Hotel is now. Sure, there was only one solitary house on this part of the Mountain then, and that one wasn't lived in because the ghosts used to come and haunt it every night!" And with a flourish of his whip he points out the site of the huge but never-completed mansion of Simon McTavish, prince of the fur-traders, which stood empty after his death for many years, and acquired the name of "the haunted house" from its isolated situation and the mysterious play of the shadows on its windows in the moonlight.

The climb is slow, but after an hour of leisurely ascent through sylvan roadways we arrive at the Lookout, which commands a panorama of unexcelled expanse and beauty. At our feet spreads the city with its masses of many-colored roofs scattered among the trees, and pierced in every direction by the domes and spires of the innumerable religious establishments—a veritable "City of Spires in the Green."

The sun settles slowly behind the horizon, and its dying beams soon fall upon the tops of the St. Bruno, Beloeil and Rougemont Mountains, isolated masses of rock which raise their tree-clad slopes above the broad flat



*Dominion Square*

The Cenotaph. Saint James and the cab-stand with its  
old French Jehus. Windsor Station.

fields of the St. Lawrence Plain. The great river winds through this plain like a silver ribbon, marked here and there by the long wash of steamboats hurrying in all directions. The city darkens; from end to end of the great panorama the lights flash out, in long chains on the banks of the river and on streets which cross and intercross beneath our feet, or in tall blocks in the apartment houses and hotels; it is as if the city were a lake of darkness reflecting a sky of innumerable brilliant stars. The electric light signs flash on and off with regularity. The scene is like a fairyland of the Arabian Nights.

The hour grows late. Midnight is proclaimed from the deep and solemn throats of a dozen church bells. The noises of the street die away one by one. A French-Canadian poet has well evoked the spirit of this hour in the old French-Canadian city:

*D'une fenêtre, ou brille un feu de lampe bleu,  
Monte une exquise voix de femme, et, peu à peu,  
Comme venant du fond de l'âme universelle,  
Sincère, triste et lent, chante un violoncelle.*

(Lozeau.)

(From a window in which shines the light of a blue-shaded lamp comes a woman's voice of exquisite purity, and with it by degrees joins a violoncello with its sad, slow, heartfelt tones like the utterance of the universal soul.)

The moon's silvery disk slowly climbs the sky, and its rays strike through the clouds which drive across it. A few belated passers-by are hurrying towards their homes. Soon the whole city will lie asleep beneath the quiet of the night. On the crest of the Mountain the cross of light burns on like a beacon.





Harold A. Thompson

## The Look-Out

Panoramic Montreal, The City of Spires in the green,  
Autumn shades from the Look-out.



## AROUND THE ISLAND

Interesting as is the city proper both for its historic background and its present activity, the country surrounding it is fully as attractive by reason of the smiling charm of its landscapes and the old-world picturesqueness of its inhabitants. A run of a hundred miles or so around the city and along the banks of the river will suffice to convince the most skeptical.

Let us repair forthwith to the edge of the river, though the view of it will be shut off for a while by the interminable rows of wharves and sheds of the transatlantic liners and the huge grain elevators in which is stored the harvest of the Western prairies. There is good reason for the size and number of these elevators, for in spite of the shortness of the navigation season (due to five months or more of ice), the volume of grain handled in this port exceeds even that of New York. Even so, there are some ocean liners which cannot come up as far as Montreal owing to their great draft, although the channel between Quebec and Montreal is thirty feet in depth, and if we wish to sail for Europe on one of the "Empress" type of the Canadian Pacific's floating palaces we must go down to Quebec in order to embark; the "Duchess" class, however, with a displacement of 20,000 tons, will take us on board at, and bring us back to, the port of Montreal.

### ST. GABRIEL FARM

At the foot of McGill Street, where we first reach the river-bank, the Lachine Canal has the lowest of the long series of locks by which vessels are raised by degrees to the level of the river above the Lachine Rapids. While the water pours through the gates of the lock in a foaming, boiling cataract, we cross the bridge over the canal and continue on our way. In a little while we come to a farmhouse whose architecture is highly reminiscent of the Norman engravings of the seventeenth century. This is the St. Gabriel Farm, once the property of François Leber, one of the richest of the Montreal settlers, but purchased by Marguerite Bourgeoys, three hundred years ago, for her sisterhood of the Congregation of Notre Dame, which still possesses it. This ancient dwelling is well worth a visit, for it is a perfectly preserved example of the housekeeping contrivances of the first settlers in all their simplicity, from the sink made out of a single stone set in the embrasure of a window to the fuller's trough for the fulling or cleansing of cloth. The three-decker stove in the community hall, which functions to some extent as a central heating system, is of a type which used to be made at the old iron works of St. Maurice, near Three Rivers. On the wall is still to be seen the original image of the Virgin under whose protection the house was placed, and with it an autograph prayer of the recluse Jeanne Le Ber. Tradition has it that when General Amherst was marching to the siege of Montreal in 1760, he halted at this spot, to the great alarm of the nuns, but that, thanks to the protection of the sacred image and the courtesy of the general, the convent was left untouched by the invading army.



The stairs which lead to the upper storeys are admirable examples of the carpenter work of olden times. The step-boards are set in mortises and held in place by wooden bolts; the beams of the high-pointed roof are held in place in the same way, and there is not a nail to be found anywhere in the woodwork, for iron was much too rare in those days to be used in building, while wood of every kind was to be had for the asking. From the mansard windows we get a good view of Nuns' Island, formerly known as Ile St. Paul, a vast domain once divided into three distinct seigneuries, and lying in the river opposite the great breakwater which protects Montreal from the springtime floods. On this island took place the first fight between Dollard des Ormeaux and the Indians, in April 1660, in the course of which he lost three of his little band of soldiers.

Continuing on our way up the river, through the city of Verdun, we cross by a stately bridge the intake of the Montreal waterworks, run alongside the boiling waters of the Lachine Rapids, take a glance at the country home of the Cavalier de la Salle and the old Fleming windmill, subject of a famous lawsuit with the seigneurs of the Island, and finally reach the city of Lachine, which owes its name (La Chine-China) to the laughter caused by the failure of la Salle to find what he, in common with his predecessors, fully expected, namely passage to the Far East. It is a charming old place, full of gay cottages in settings of immemorial trees and looking out over the spreading sunny waters of Lake St. Louis, but it was not always as peaceful as we shall find it today. On the night of the fifth of August, 1689, a party of Iroquois on the warpath fell swiftly and suddenly on the sleeping village, fired the homes of the settlers, struck down with arrow or knife those who ventured out by door or window, and carried off the survivors to their wigwams to torture them at leisure. Such was the "Lachine Massacre," and it was but one of the many tragic events in the lives of the daring founders of New France.

### LAKE SHORE DRIVE

Farther on, the villas of the various summer resorts of Montreal come into sight one after the other. Dorval, Strathmore, Valois, Lakeside, Pointe Claire, Beaconsfield, Beaurepaire, Baie d'Urfe, St. Anne's and Ile Perrot, each a settlement of one or other of the racial elements of the Montreal population, are strung along the shore of the great river, with the bright green of their golf clubs, the balconies of their yachting, boating and swimming clubs, the verandas of their summer hotels, while out on the water the white sails of innumerable yachts flit here and there like gulls, and in the distance the red roofs of Macdonald College, the agricultural university founded by the munificent tobacco merchant, Sir William Macdonald, shine in the midst of their nursery gardens and glass houses.

Soon we round along the shore of the Lake of Two Mountains, an expansion of the Ottawa River, and Senneville comes into view. A few lengths of broken-down masonry are all that is left of the fort which once stood here, and a heap of stones marks the place of the chapel erected by

Monsieur de Breslay on Ile aux Tourtes, just opposite it in the river, two hundred years ago. Our tree-shaded road now leads us a winding course among fields in careful cultivation and clean, bright-painted cottages surrounded by flocks of playing children. An open-air oven stands by the roadside, and as we pass the farmer's wife is in the act of taking out a pile of crisp and golden-crust loaves whose aroma is so tempting that we cannot resist the invitation to "casser une croûte," or break up a slice of fresh crust into a bowl of foamy new milk. The hospitality of the French-Canadian is proverbial, and while the housewife spreads on the family dining-table, a cloth woven by her grandmother on the very loom which now sleeps neglected in a corner of the house, we wander through the well-kept garden, noting how the alternating beds of vegetables and flowering plants combine the Useful and the Beautiful in every sense of the word. We are waited upon by a charming little red-cheeked daughter of the house, and while we satisfy an appetite sharpened by the fresh air and the beauty of our surroundings, an older daughter in the next room is singing the baby to sleep with the old lullaby:

*C'est la poulette grise  
Qu'a pondu dans la r'mise.  
Elle a pondu un coco  
Pour bébé qui fait dodo  
Dodiche, dodo*

(The little grey hen has laid an egg in the barn; she has laid a cocoanut for Baby who is going to sleep—to sleep.)

Filled with good food and cheered by the spectacle of a life so calm, so healthy and so happy as that of these good country people, we next head for Ste. Geneviève, whose twin towers are soon to be seen through a clearing in the woods. Though but a few miles from Montreal, this village is far enough from any railway line to have preserved in great measure both its patriarchal appearance and the habits and fashions of old French Canada. Its houses, whose roofs are curved for the better throwing off of the winter snow, are irregularly grouped around the village church. The less industrious and more talkative of the villagers assemble at the "general store" to discuss news and politics. The carpenter planing his plank, the smith hammering on his anvil, look up from their work to chase away the fat chickens which scuttle off for safety but return a minute later in the ever-renewed hope of finding something worth picking up. We enter the church; it is dazzling with gilt work and freshly varnished wood, but we cannot but regret the artistic simplicity of the original sculptures, and the paintings of Dulongpré which used to be its chief ornament. Outside the church, a series of Stations of the Cross by Vaucouleurs lead us through the cemetery to the culminating group of the Crucifixion which overlooks the brown waters of the Rivière des Prairies.

A road bridge links us with the neighboring Ile Bizard, an island granted as a seigneurie to Jacques Bizard by Governor Frontenac in 1678. Running



*St. Louis - 1890*

### *Bonsecours Church*

*Our Lady of Good Help. The old chapel built by Marguerite Bourgeoys in 1657. It is above all the Star of the Sea which welcomes the Mariner.*

*Twenty-seven*



along the east shore of this little island, we reach a ferry which will take us to the farther shore with about five minutes of river navigation; but alas! the ferryboat is not on this side. A tin trumpet is hung on a post for the convenience of travellers. We blow, and at the shrill sound a woman comes out from her cottage and, with no apparent effort, gives the boat a shove which throws it into the current, after which it proceeds on its way towards our bank, with no other impulse than the action of the river on its side, operating against the resistance of the wire upon which it slides from one bank to the other.

### ROAD TO ST. EUSTACHE

When we leave the ferry we are on the soil of Ile Jésus, which Monseigneur de Laval accepted from Francois Berthelot in 1675, in exchange for the Island of Orleans, and which he presented to his Seminary in Quebec in 1680. The golf club of Laval-sur-le-Lac is a few steps from here, and by the courtesy of a member we pause for lunch. The site is well selected both for the freshness of the air and the beauty of the scene. The club-house, built on a slight elevation, overlooks the country round for many miles, and from the veranda where we sip our lemonade an unforgettable landscape is spread out to view. Around us is the green of the golf course, dotted here and there with its little red flags; in the distance is the Lake of Two Mountains, with its many bays running far into the wooded banks; on one side the solitary steeple of Ste. Dorothee rises in the midst of the fields, and on the other the twin spires of St. Eustache shine through the trees like the lances of two knights of old.

A pretty maidservant in white uniform comes to tell us that "Madame is served," and, seated near one of the wide French windows, we do equal justice to the scenery and to the menu, both exquisite of their kind. Two golf-players discuss their strokes at a neighboring table, while in a corner a group of young girls fill the sunny room with the lilt of their fresh young laughter.

Taking no more time than to light a cigarette after the coffee and liqueur, we are again on the road for St. Eustache. Summer homes line the shore of the lake, nestling behind their broad lawns and their clumps of flowering trees. The wives and daughters of Montreal business men, in their light summer dresses, flit about among the shady trees or sit sewing or reading, with a watchful eye on the playing children. The brightness of the day is made yet brighter by their sunny faces, and as we flash past them we can but hum the old refrain:

*Vive la Canadienne  
Et ses jolis yeux doux.*

(Here's to the girls of Canada with their eyes so soft and fair.)

An old wooden bridge spans the Mille Isles River, and at its far end stands a toll collector who exacts the legal charge for crossing the bridge—an interesting relic of the Middle Ages—and soon there rises in front of us





*Charles D. Thompson*

## *Place d'Armes*

A Corinthian portico lifts its fluted columns and its pediment ornamented with the symbolical figures of commerce and finance on the north side of the square. The Bank of Montreal is among the strongest financial institutions in the world.

Twenty-nine

the historic church of St. Eustache, its front still bearing the scars of the bullets of General Colborne. For this was the scene of the last act of the Rebellion of 1837, when the French-Canadian people made their protest against what they felt to be the unjustifiably autocratic rule of the British official class. A small number of the French-Canadians decided that this protest must be made by force of arms, and raised the standard of revolt in several parts of the Province. Victorious at St. Denis, but beaten at St. Charles, the "patriots," as they termed themselves, made their last stand at St. Eustache to the number of about 150, and took up their position in the village church. They were dislodged from that stronghold by its being set on fire, and were soon after dispersed, a number of them being killed. The insurrection had been crushed, but it and the similar rising in Upper Canada under William Lyon Mackenzie had attracted the attention of the home authorities, who in course of time granted the constitutional reforms for which the rebels had agitated. The Catholic hierarchy was strongly opposed to the course pursued by the rebels, but popular opinion among the French-Canadians has long since, and not unnaturally, made national heroes of the men who, like Dr. Chénier of St. Eustache, had the courage to face overwhelming odds for the sake of the rights which they conceived were due to their fellow-countrymen.

The little river along which we run is now dotted with islets embowered in greenery and flowers. By crossing at Ste. Rose we could reach the city in less than an hour; but the sun is strong, the countryside pleasant, the breeze upon our faces very welcome, and we decide to continue the trip until nightfall. There are plenty of clean little hotels all along the road, and we shall be able to sample some of the good French-Canadian cooking which the Provincial Minister of Roads encourages in such places for the benefit of tourists; tomorrow we can return by another road.

Terrebonne is soon in sight, a charming little town with many ancient elms, and with a seigneurial manor-house now occupied by the Fathers of the Holy Sacrament, whose old stone mill is still in operation. In most other places the old mills are known as mouse-cheaters (*trompe-souris*), because they provide nothing for the sustenance of the little rodents. Here the paved road comes to an end; but since it has not rained for several days we can venture upon the earth road by way of Lachenaie to Charlemagne, where three important tributaries fall together into the St. Lawrence—the *Rivière des Mille-Isles*, the *Rivière des Prairies* and the *Rivière de l'Assomption*. Here we look out to Ile Ste. Therese, and far across the great river rise the twin towers of the church of Varennes.

Let us leave the main highway with its constant stream of speeding cars, and take the river road which is both quieter and much more picturesque. Repentigny, which we next approach, has a name which recalls one of the most illustrious families of the French regime, and was itself the scene of some of the most bloody conflicts with the Iroquois in the early days of the colony. The three round towers which attract our curiosity are the seigneurial windmills of the old regime. Their white sails no longer turn with every



*Charles G. Thompson*

## Sherbrooke Street

Avenue of elm. Main artery. Front door to the exclusive of Montreal.

Thirty-one



breath of the breeze and their stones are still and silent, but the old song which tradition has preserved for us comes readily to the lips as we look at them and imagine the scenes of their past:

*Marianne s'en va-t-au moulin,  
C'est pour y faire moudre son grain.  
A cheval sur son âne,  
Ma p'tite mam'selle Marianne,  
A cheval sur son âne Catin  
Pour aller au moulin.*

(Marianne goes to the mill to grind her grain. She is mounted upon her donkey, her donkey Catin, to go to the mill.) And as we sing we feel an impulse to inspect the interior of these ancient relics of the seigneurial authority, and we borrow from an obliging farmer the key of that one of the three which seems least likely to fall down about our heads, and proceed to climb the stairs leading to the top. Here is the place where the miller poured the grain into the hopper from which it was slowly fed down into the grinding pit where it was crushed into flour. The immense perpendicular wheel operated by the vanes outside is made of wood; it communicates its motion to the stones which rotate horizontally, and are bound with iron. These stones were actually brought out by ship from France, for it was supposed that there was no stone suitable for millstones in Canada. The Dutch windmills, built of wood, were so constructed that the whole mill could be moved round to follow the direction of the wind; but these Canadian mills are of solid stone, and the only part of them which moves is the roof, to which the vanes are attached. In the one we are inspecting, all the machinery is in place, and all in good order. It is as if the mill, like the fabled princess of old, were merely sleeping for some hundred years or so under some enchantment, and needed only the arrival of the right Prince Charming to awake into noisy activity once more. But the enchantment is that of modern science and economic progress, and is not likely to be broken by any Prince Charming; it is the enchantment that has substituted for these little local mills, with their few sacks of wheat brought on horseback from neighboring farms, the huge modern establishments which draw their supplies from endless trains of freightcars bringing the produce of thousands of farms to a single siding.

### MADELEINE DE VERCHERES

Out in the river lie the Verchères Islands, flat and lazy-looking under the summer sun, and dotted with navigation signs and lights to show the navigator the course of the tortuous channel. Verchères itself, the village, is on the far bank of the river, and is well worth a visit; but even at this distance it cannot fail to bring to our minds the tale of womanly heroism which has long made it famous in the annals of early Canada. It was 1692. The settlers, perpetually harassed in their outdoor work by the raids of the redskins, made their homes as near as possible to the fortified places or castles of their seigneurs, to take refuge in them in case of alarm. Monsieur de Verchères had





*at  
p.m. 1911*

## The Harbor

Montreal, one of the largest ports in the world, stores in its huge elevators the harvest of the Canadian West. Twenty-thousand ton "Duchesses" make it one of the premier portals of the Continent.

Thirty-three

been assured by his scouts that there was no hostile party anywhere in the vicinity, and had gone with his wife to pay a visit. Their three children, of whom Madeleine, the oldest, was fourteen, were left in charge of an old manservant and two soldiers. Suddenly the air rang with the war-cry of a party of Iroquois. The soldiers were beside themselves with terror; they faced the prospect of either immediate death or a captivity worse than death in the Indian wigwams, with the slow and appalling tortures which the redskins applied to their prisoners.

In this critical situation, Madeleine took command. She placed the soldiers, the old man and her two young brothers at the chief observation posts. She herself, wearing a man's chapeau, which she frequently changed, showed herself in a dozen different places in rapid succession to give the impression of a large defence force, and brought down with well-directed fire more than one of the daring savages who ventured near the fort. When night fell the danger was doubled, for it would have been easy for the enemy to take the place by a sudden assault; but by constant firing and repeated cries of "Sentinel, look out!" the little garrison managed to deter the Indians from attacking. This extraordinary situation continued for a week, the besiegers being throughout convinced that the fort was defended by a large force. When help finally came in the shape of a party of soldiers summoned by a man from a neighboring settlement, the officer of the rescue party wished to congratulate the defenders, and asked the young Madeleine to summon the captain of the fort and his men. "The captain is myself," was her reply, "and as for the garrison, you see it before you."

In the two hundred years that have passed since these epic events the scene has greatly changed. Gone is the virgin forest with its innumerable perils, gone the implacable enemies who sheltered behind its trees. In its place on all sides are fertile fields, lavishing their riches on a happy and prosperous people. The signs of abundant harvests, of flourishing flocks and herds, are to be seen on all hands. The homes, whether they be the ancestral cottage of unworked stone with its three-foot walls and its capacious hearth just as the great-grandfather built it, or the modern residence with motor-run water supply and cars in the garage, are always neat, freshly painted, of irreproachable cleanliness. But above all, the innumerable children who play in every garden and farmyard are the plain and convincing indication of a race which is determined in its will to survive.

But we must cease gazing over the river to Verchères and recall our minds to the present and to the north shore, where we are now passing in turn St. Sulpice, Lavaltrie, Lanoraie; farther inland are l'Assomption, l'Épiphanie, St. Jacques de l'Achigan, rich parishes of fertile tobacco land. Just ahead of us is Berthier, a town of 2,500 people, charmingly situated on the tree-clad banks of the river, opposite the Iles du Pas, and connected by a short branch with the main Montreal-Quebec line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Here we shall have no trouble in finding a comfortable lodging for the night and a menu amply supplied with the simple and appetising dishes of French-Canadian rural cookery, which are such a pleasant change

from the high-sounding but monotonous dishes of the great restaurants. We decide on the Hotel du Manoir, because of its fresh, clean appearance, and we are not disappointed. The rooms are well kept, and the aroma from the kitchen is seductive. The first dish is a pea soup (but how different from the pea soup of the ordinary chef!), spiced with savory and enriched by the juices of a chunk of fat pork which has simmered in it for two hours. Then comes the local fish, the dory, caught in the Bayonne River a few yards from the hotel; a chicken, white and juicy as a capon; strawberries with cream and maple sugar, and a generous slice of the cheese made by the monks of Oka, the whole washed down by an excellent bottle of "grand vin d'Anjou" and a small cup of excellent coffee.

Filled with the calm happiness of those who are digesting an excellent meal, we sally forth to stroll around the town. The church is a venerable edifice whose main outlines date from 1787, and still preserves the delightful woodcarvings of the craftsmen who learned their skill from the master hands of Quevillon. The massive towers which have been added to the original front have but added to the effect of strength and serenity; the interior ornamentation is a perfect combination of grace and beauty. The town possesses also one of the oldest Protestant places of worship in the Dominion, the chapel built by Seigneur Cuthbert in 1786—neglected for many years owing to its distance from the highway, but recently restored at the instance of the Historical Monuments Commission of the Province.

### PASTORAL QUEBEC

A night of unbroken repose is brought to an end by the twittering of innumerable birds outside our windows; the sun is dazzling, but its rays are tempered by the dense foliage of the trees which surround the hotel; the waters of the river, glistening cool and fresh on the other side of the road, tantalise us with vain dreams of a swim. On the neighboring island an immense meadow extends as far as the eye can reach, filled with cattle pasturing without fences or watchers; it is the "common," or communal land, on which every inhabitant of the municipality has the right to pasture his animals in return for a small fee proportional to the number that he sends, a patriarchal institution brought from France in the very infancy of the colony.

A prolonged whistle rends the quiet air; it is the ferryboat, anxious to set forth for Sorel on the other side of the river, and we hasten to get on board. The channel winds among the Iles du Pas; in the distance can be seen the old church where, according to legend, a ghostly priest came night after night to celebrate a mass of expiation, until freed from his dreadful penance by the courage of a living human being who dared to come and act as "servitor." An Atlantic steamship is winding its way among the islands; its upper decks, which are all that we can see, seem to be moving about in the middle of a meadow. We run alongside the pier of a little village and take on board some kitchen-gardeners bound for Sorel; and in a little while we find ourselves arriving at that pleasant little place at the mouth of the Richelieu River.



Pierre de Saurel, captain in the Carignan Regiment, was commissioned to establish a fort here to block the movements of the Iroquois in 1665. Under the English regime the place was known for many years as William Henry, after the prince who became King William IV, but in 1860 its old designation was restored with a slight variation of spelling. It contains large docks belonging to the Department of Marine of the Dominion Government, and is the winter quarters of the fleet of the Canada Steamship Lines.

A half-hour's stroll in the shade of the magnificent elms brings us to the Channel, the shores of which are extremely popular with fishermen in summer and duck hunters in autumn, but we have no time for such amusements and content ourselves with a visit to the residence built by General Riedesel, commander of the Brunswick Regiment which came out to aid Sir Guy Carleton against the American invasion in 1776. This house was later occupied by Sir Frederick Haldimand, Governor General of Canada; the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria; Lord Dalhousie, another Governor General; and General Benjamin d'Urban. The fourth Duke of Richmond, also a Governor General, was staying here when he was bitten by a young fox which he was raising, a wound from which he died some time later.

Here we leave the St. Lawrence and follow the River Richelieu up to St. Ours, an old seigneurie granted to Intendant Talon in 1672. The family name has disappeared, but the manor house is still to be seen, and is filled with old furniture and objects of *vertu* attesting the splendor of its former owners. A ferry takes us to St. Roch, from which the automobile road works back to the St. Lawrence, up which we could coast through Contrecoeur, Verchères, Varennes, Boucherville and Longueuil; but the country roads are still good, and we elect to take a look at the gay little villages of the Richelieu which lie in pairs on its opposite banks, mirrored in its calm unrippled flow: St. Denis and St. Antoine, St. Charles and St. Marc, St. Hilaire and Beloeil, and further on, St. Matthias, Richelieu and Chambly grouped in a triangle about the fair expanse of Chambly Basin. St. Denis is historic by reason of the victory of the "Patriots" over the regular troops in October 1837, but their triumph was of short duration, for they were heavily defeated at the neighboring village of St. Charles two weeks later, and this with the defeat of St. Eustache put an end to the rebellion. This district was the centre of the activities of the disaffected party, and at St. Charles was held the famous Six Counties Meeting at which Papineau, Nelson and their followers determined to use force for the achievement of the liberties which they had sought in vain to win by parliamentary means.

Soon we are in front of the imposing mass of Beloeil Mountain, an isolated rock of about 1,800 feet in height, which must be of volcanic origin, for the charming lake which adorns its very summit seems to lie in an unmistakable volcanic crater. However, if it really did belch forth flames and lava in some prehistoric age, its aspect must have greatly changed, for nothing could be calmer, cheerier or more luxuriant than the landscape upon which we are now gazing. Climbing to the top of the "sugarloaf," we gaze down upon





*Charles J. Sampson*

### *Saint Joseph's Oratory*

*Pilgrims flock in thousands for comfort and healing to the site where the Majestic cupola of St. Joseph's Oratory will rise above all other edifices.*

*Thirty-seven*

miles of orchards covering the adjacent slopes, and filled with trees laden with those succulent apples of juicy flesh and crimson-veined exterior which have rightly acquired the name of "fameuse" or famous. At our feet lie St. Hilaire and Beloeil basking in the sun; far into the distance runs the azure ribbon of the Richelieu, through a checkerboard landscape of fields alternately golden and green, dotted with the white gleam of cottages and the green freshness of groves of trees.

We climb down and resume our journey along the river, which soon brings us to St. Matthias. Here is preserved in all its original simplicity a perfect little church of the Quevillon style, with its walls continued so as to form the outer limit of the cemetery. There are scarcely a score of churches left in the country that are more than a hundred years old, and nobody knows how long this one will survive the ravages of progress, so let us hasten to examine it with care while we may.

The river broadens here into a lake some two miles in diameter, called Chambly Basin, at the head of which stands the old fort built by Captain Jacques de Chambly in 1665, and now kept in condition by the Dominion Government. To reach it we pass through the village of Richelieu, cross the bridge at the power works, and wind through the streets of Chambly Canton, bringing up at last before a wall which was one of the strongholds of the continent, but which would now be reduced to powder by a single volley of modern artillery. The fort is in the form of a square, with towers at the four corners, and embrasured openings for rifle and arrow fire. The stones of the main gateway are covered with inscriptions recalling the names and glories of the regiments which served here.

The fort is open to the public and the custodian is affability itself and will impart any quantity of information on the structure and arrangements of the building and the events of history which took place in it. Here was the lodging of the bodyguard, there that of the commandant himself, farther on, the chapel. In the centre was the water supply; in this partly demolished tower was the prison. Originally built of pointed stakes, and known by the name of Fort St. Louis, the fort was rebuilt in stone in 1711, and given the name of Pontchartrain in honor of a powerful minister of that period; but public gratitude has always been stronger than official designation, and "Fort Chambly" it was baptised by the common people and has ever since remained. Erected at this point for the purpose of blocking the canoe journeys of the redskins on their way from Lake Champlain to fall upon the settlement at Montreal, it was the key to the water route between the St. Lawrence and the Hudson. The invading Americans under Montgomery obtained possession of it in 1775, but evacuated it the following year, and from that date it has never ceased to fly the British flag. Today it is physically nothing more than a museum, but spiritually its ancient walls are an abiding lesson in heroism and love of country.

Rounding the curve of the Basin, we cross the canal which joins Chambly and St. Johns, and approach a villa embedded in flowers which reminds us that the world-famous singer Albani was born in this place and bore the name



*Charles Dampier*

## Saint Genevieve

That quaint little village by the roadside behind the mountain.



of Emma Lajeunesse. Thousands of Canadians of this generation will never forget the emotion which seized upon her entire audience at the time of her last appearance in Montreal, when her yet rich and exquisitely expressive voice began the lovely melody of Hérold, "Souvenirs du jeune âge." A little farther on a modest but well placed monument attracts the eye; it commemorates Colonel de Salaberry, who with three hundred Canadian riflemen repulsed a large American force commanded by Hampton at Chateaugay in 1813.

The road that we are now taking (it has been well paved in recent years) is two centuries old, and is the main highway from Chambly to Longueuil and Montreal, by way of St. Hubert, where a great aviation field is filled with airplanes and their hangars, and has also a tall mooring mast for the reception of the great dirigibles from overseas. The air post between Montreal and New York takes off from this field, and was inaugurated in 1928. In sharp contrast with this extreme modernity are the cottages of the village, all of them built of unworked field stones and occupied by families which have held them through successive generations for from one to two hundred years.

Longueuil is a city of five thousand people on the south bank of the river, opposite Montreal. The rank of the seigneurie was raised to a barony by Louis XIV in 1668, to reward Charles LeMoyne for his services to the infant colony of Ville Marie, and the title is now vested in the Grant family in England, whose ancestor married the last female descendant of the Barons of Longueuil. The family tree includes Pierre LeMoyne d'Iberville, famous for his exploits in Hudson Bay, Jean Baptiste LeMoyne de Bienville, founder of New Orleans, Jacques LeMoyne de Ste. Helen who fought with Frontenac when Quebec was besieged by Phipps in 1690, Louis LeMoyne of Chateaugay, Joseph LeMoyne of Sérigny, Paul LeMoyne of Maricourt and their brothers. Their many exploits in the service of their country earned them the title of "the Maccabees of New France."

Montreal is now in full view and its lights are beginning to glow across the river. Already the cross is aflame on top of the Mountain, and the palatial residences of Westmount dot the slope with points of light. Down the river the harbor lamps spread in unbroken line as far as eye can reach, and the ferryboats flit to and fro, their long rows of lighted windows repeated in the stream below. We re-enter the city by the Victoria Bridge, quite a marvel of engineering in the days of its construction in 1860, but soon to be greatly eclipsed by the new Montreal Harbour Bridge, three miles long and lofty enough to clear the masts of the ocean shipping. The increasing numbers of the motor-cars compel the utmost attention if accidents are to be avoided. Our way leads through a maze of working-class streets where innumerable children play in the gutters without the slightest heed to the risk of being run over. The gongs of the streetcars, the whistles of the traffic police, the horns of the motors are music to our ears after a two-day absence in the quiet of the country, and we regain our hotel bedroom, exhausted, but charmed with the memories left by this panoramic tour of one of the loveliest districts of the North American continent.





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